

## What Sort of Character Have You?

A COMPANY promoter who advertised for an office-boy received a hundred replies. Out of the hundred he selected ten, who were asked to call at the office for a personal interview. His final choice fell upon a bright-looking youth.

"My hoy," said the promoter, "I like your appearance and your manner very much. I think you will do for the place. Did you bring a character?"

"No sir," replied the boy, "but I can go home and get it."

"Very well. Come back tomorrow morning with it and if it is satisfactory I daresay I shall engage you."

Late that same afternoon the financier was surprised by the return of the candidate.

"Well," he said cheerily, "have you got your character?"

"No," answered the boy, "but I've got yours all right, and so I ain't comin'."

And there are some professing Christians whose characters will no better bear investigation than the employer of the story.

## What share are you taking

IN THE

## Centenary Call Campaign

### "If We Confess"

A frank confession of sin is the first step to liberty. This is well illustrated in the story of a duke who one day went on board a galleon ship. As he passed the crew of slaves he asked several of them what their offenses were. Every one of them laid the blame on someone else, saying his brother was to blame, or the judge was bribed. One sturdy young fellow said, "My lord, I am justly put in here. I wanted money and I stole it. No one is to blame but myself." The duke, on hearing this, seized him by the shoulder, saying, "You rogue! What are you doing in here, among so many honest, innocent men? Get you out of their company." The young fellow was then set at liberty, while the rest were left to tug at the oar.

## Daily Bible Meditations



Sunday, Deuteronomy 6: 13-25. "The Lord commanded us . . . for our good always." The Devil persuades sinners to believe that God's commandments are hard and unnecessary, and that to keep them is to rob life of its joys and pleasures. This is not so. Every true and tried servant of God has proved His commandments to be, not only a safeguard from harm like the protecting wall on top of a precipice but a sure guide into paths of pleasantness and peace.

Monday, Deuteronomy 8: 1-9. "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."

"As journeying onward to the Land of Promise."

"E'en though the desert may at times look drear,

## For the Downhearted

If you think you've missed the mark, Use a smile.

If your life seems in the dark, Why, just smile.

Don't give up in any fight;

There's a coming day that's bright,

There's a dawn beyond the night,

If you smile.

# Are You Adrift?

## A question for mariners out on the Sea of Life



white and lifeless and impatient though the seamen were to hasten on to their destination yet they had to wait perforce the pleasure of the wind.

Night came and a nearby lighthouse sent a kindly beam across the sea, but no wind broke the calm. The captain kept watch all night long, though it was not his custom to do so. Every half hour the lead line was dropped and the depth of the ocean sounded.

To the inexperienced eye there appeared no cause for distrust and such proceedings seemed quite unnecessary. A landsman friend of the captain approached him therefore and enquired the reason for the numerous calculations made.

"Ah, 'tis the drift that I fear," responded the captain. "One can't take too much care. We are in no danger from other shipping and a storm is very unlikely. But there is a strong current which, unless we guard ourselves well, will take us on to yonder sand bank. We do not seem to be moving, but, nevertheless, the current is carrying us inshore all the time."

### Caught off One's Guard

The same kind of thought was doubtless in the mind of the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews when he wrote the words, "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed . . . lest at any time we should let them slip." Or as the revised version has it, "Lest haply we drift away." Not, let it be noted, that we fall into some glaring sin or outrageous conduct, but drift—caught off one's guard—and slip back by imperceptible degrees.

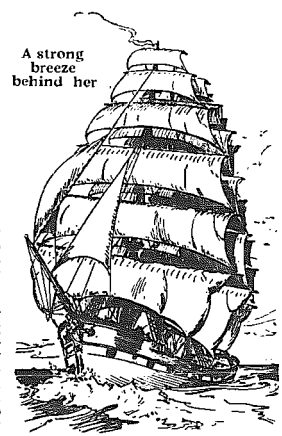
We have all of us heard, have we not, the testimony of the restored backslider whose experience has been something like this: "It was by no rash act or yielding to sudden temptation that I grew cold in my soul. Rather was it by imperceptible degrees that I drifted away. Then came a sudden dash of trouble that brought me to my knees and woke me up to the fact that I had unconsciously renounced the God I had so ardently loved and served."

There is a word used by the writer of the text that aptly describes this sin of drifting. "Neglect" is the word. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?" Certainly no other word would more accurately describe the condition. There is no resounding fall into a great

sin—it is merely a matter of default. There comes a moment when perhaps business pressure. We do not intend to slight God. No! But we brush aside the thought of Him and neglect prayer. Or perhaps the world is almost too kind to us. Everything goes smoothly. Laughter rules the day. We do not intend to do wrong. We only neglect God and duty in the pleasure of the moment. We have been caught by the drifting current. Unconsciously we are caught in the drift and there is no swirl of water or hiss of breaking wave to apprise of danger. Innocently enough we are borne on and on. To the inexperienced mariner there is nothing to warn of impending shipwreck. We of all people will be most surprised when the keel of our bark groans on sand and rock. If haply we make inventory afterward we shall see that it was nothing other than neglect. We were lulled by the placid semblance of things.

### In Danger of Capture

One can never be too much on the alert against the enemy of our souls. It is said that General Wolfe and his men would never have taken Quebec had not the defenders of that city been snugly calm in confidence that such a thing was utterly impossible. No



A strong breeze behind her

fortress is impregnable where its defenders sleep and the soldier of Christ who stands not constantly on guard is in danger of being captured by the crafty foe.

Leave no unguarded place.

No weakness of the soul;

Take every virtue, every grace,

And fortify the whole.

## "In His Love He Chose Us"

GOD made the world for us to live in, and made man in the image of the world and all the things in it. He was not making man in crowds like a batch of cakes, but making and caring for each one of us. Each one of us was made at the end of a long thread of purpose that runs back through a long line of million years before ever the world was hung in the sky. One end of the thread is in our hand now, the other end is in the hand of God. He is saying to us now, "I have loved you from the beginning."

The words of Paul to the Romans are literally true, and our imaginations him saying them with his hands clasped and his heart quiet, and his eyes seeing something very far away. "In His Love He chose us from before the creation of the world." (Weymouth.) And he puts in his earlier word to the Thimotheans, "Brethren beloved of the Father, God chose you from the beginning." "Ere sins and moons came into the world, Ere stars were thundering in the piled The Heavens, God thought of me, His child: Ordained a life for me."

## The Army needs YOUR help

IN THE

## Centenary Call Campaign

### The Cracked Plate

A gentleman had a lovely Chinese plate with curious raised figures upon it. One day it fell from the wall on which it hung and was cracked right across the middle. The gentleman sent to China for six more of these valuable plates, and to ensure an exact match sent his broken plate as a copy. To his intense astonishment when, some months after, he received the six plates and his injured one, he found the Chinese workman had so faithfully followed his copy that each new one had a crack across it!

If we imitate the best of men, we are apt to copy their imperfections, but if we take Jesus as our example we are quite sure of a perfect pattern. No fear of a flaw in His life. Twenty centuries of effort have failed to discover one.

ous consideration on the one hand, and faithful service on the other, would result in life-long friendship between them.

Thursday, Deuteronomy 18: 9-22. "I will raise the spirit of a prophet." This was recognized by the Jews as one of the earliest references to Christ, the Anointed One, The Saviour said, "Moses spake of Me." We have here also a solemn warning to those who refuse to believe the words of Jesus, for God says, "I will require it of him." We must not forget that opportunity always brings responsibility.

Friday, Deuteronomy 19: 1-13. "That innocent blood be not shed in thy land." The people in the cities of refuge needed to be wise, calm, sympathetic, and yet of good judgment, so that when they met the innocent, they would not punish the murderer, but would send his work was to save and defend others. So, in these our days, God's servants are in all corners of the earth. Cities of Refuge to the world.

Saturday, Gordon, Ages 14-21. "Go unto Hym." This is a thing which will teach us to have no thought or consideration of our feelings or rights of others, and punishment keeps them from doing. Thus Israel "put the and learnt justice. But at His coming gave the nobler rendering good for evil.

### A Bit of Sunshine

When a bit of sunshine

After passin' of a cloud

When a fit of laughter

And your spine is feeling

Don't forget to send a line

For the mirth that you're

It's a boomerang to you

## The Way to Salvation

If you earnestly desire to be saved, the way is very plain. No man, woman, or even child of understanding years need say he or she cannot comprehend the way of Salvation. The poet put it simply when he said, "The way to Heaven is straight and plain—repent, believe, be born again." Go down through the Valley of Repentance, up the Hill of Faith, and before you is the City of Salvation bathed in glorious sunshine. Could any direction be clearer?

And though unknown the way that lies before us.

Led by our God, we need not faint nor fear.

"For He who brought us forth from Egypt's bondage,

At every step will guide us with His eye;

No foe can harm us, compassed with His presence,

No want arise that He will not supply."

Tuesday, Deuteronomy 8: 10-20. "Beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God." Moses sounds this special note of warning in view of the bright days ahead when, after their long wilderness

march, the Israelites would enjoy the peace and plenty of Canaan. The danger of forgetting God is usually more real during seasons of prosperity than in times of adversity. As someone has said, "A full hand helps a man to forget an empty heart."

Wednesday, Deuteronomy 15: 7-18.

"Thou shalt remember that thou wast a bondman." From this passage we learn what God intended the relations between employer and employee to be.

Though slavery was general at this time, these laws, if obeyed, took away its sting.

When the master remembered that his forebears had been slaves in Egypt, and when the servant loved his master, gener-

# Centenary Call Campaign

## THE CHALLENGE of the CHILD

### How to Prepare the Company Lesson

By Company-Guard Winnie Irwin, Winnipeg

#### A BID FOR IMMORTALITY

Two Stories for Rally Day by "J.R.W."

A BRIGHT summer's day, and two men laying a concrete walk at the new filling-station. They work carefully, crowelling the wet cement to glistening smoothness; a smoothness which may last for a generation as testimony of their skill and care.

The sunshine in the mid-afternoon is warm on their backs, as they work with hunched knees; one of them turns softly with each caressing swing of his trowel. Since morning they have finished fifty feet of sidewalk around the station. No flaw there, no mark, only the strong true lines cut to block it off. Trestles with planks between barricade it against passers-by. Until it hardens everyone must walk in the road, or cross to the other side. The trowels scrape and swing, the padded knees creep on. The fifty feet is sixty. An hour until quitting-time.

Back beside the tool-box with the sloping lid stands a dog; an intellectual, saggy dog, with one of them hangs softly with each caressing swing of his trowel. He has sniffed the two black-enamelled lunch-boxes, and the two coats lying above the boxes. They promise nothing. Life rarely promises anything for a dog like that.

A lady comes as far as the tool-box, sees the barricade, and starts across the street. Timidly the dog's weary eyes follow her, and the tip of his hanging tail wavers. He would welcome a glance, a glance and a cheering word. But she doesn't see him. He is the nondescript sort whom people seldom see. He passes under the first trestle, and looks down the sixty feet at the two workmen on their knees.

The dog advances on all fours over the new concrete, and the men do not see him until it is too late. They yell and the canine intruder scampers off, and then the men attempt to smooth out the marks left by the dog's feet.

But they can't smooth out all of them, for the cement near the tool-box is stiffening. And anyway, it's almost quitting-time. So some tracks remain.

They are there now. They will be there twenty, perhaps thirty years hence, long after the dejected mongrel dog has crawled away and died, and is forgotten.

Paw-marks in the sidewalk; his only claim to immortality. Is there not a lesson in this for some of us?

One stormy night, some thirteen years ago, a young lad, with others, took part in a Young People's Meeting in the Winnipeg Citadel. The sweetness and earnestness of the young lad's singing so took hold of a poor drunken fellow that he ultimately made his way to the Penitent-Form and underwent a remarkable transformation. This was Brother Bob Vickery who has since been the means, through his testimony and God's blessing, of helping hundreds of sinners.

Some five years ago Brother Vickery accompanied the Winnipeg Citadel Band on a trip through part of the United States, and, as the occasion arose, gave his testimony with much acceptance.

(Continued from Column 4)

And Jesus  
filled a lit-  
tle cup  
Matt. 18:2



The following instructive paper was read during one of the sessions of the recent Training Camp for Y.P. Local Officers conducted by Commissioner and Mrs. Rich at Sandy Hook. It should be of special interest to Young People's Workers.

"Be Prepared." That is the foreword of a certain well-known organization, and although it is scarcely used in the same sense as we wish to use it today, yet in it there is a whole world of good sense, for very little can be accomplished without some preparation.

Almost without exception we find that men and women of note have undergone a training in their younger years that has prepared them for the work they have accomplished later. Ofttimes we hear that the Army Mother read her Bible from cover to cover when a child, and we cannot help but feel that to no small degree it fitted her for those holy messages which she later gave to the world.

#### Just as Important

The farmer prepares his land ere he sows his seed; the minister prepares his sermon ere he goes to his pulpit; and the editor prepares every word and line and picture of "The War Cry" ere he sends it to the press. And just as important is our message to the hearts of the children.

Many years ago there lived a king called David who purposed in his heart that he would build a temple that would be the dwelling place of the living God. St. Paul, in his epistle to the Corinthians,

tioning in the mind of a child. And again, the more we are prepared then the more concise and direct are going to be our words, and we will not have to search our brains for what we are going to say next.

When preparing let us read carefully the Bible story which we are authorized to teach, and before anything else get that fixed in our minds in a clear, simple way, perhaps fascinating, perhaps appealing, but whatever way, let us be very interested in the story, for 'tis likely that when the lesson which we draw from it fades, then the Bible word picture is still there, never to be forgotten.

#### The Y.P. Company Orders

Then let us have before us our "Company Orders." And here I would like to pay tribute to those who prepare it, for in every line and word of it there is care and thought, and I know of no better book to aid us in our preparation. We have briefly and clearly satisfactory explanations of words, of customs and of the story, and finally of the lessons which may be drawn from the story. I have always found that it is well to study both the elder and the junior sections provided in the Orders. The Junior

### The Heart of a Child

IF YOU write upon paper, a careless hand may destroy it. If you write upon parchment, the dust of centuries may gather over it. If you write on marble, the moss may cover it, and the elements may erase it. If you grave your thoughts with a pen of iron upon the granite cliff, in the slow revolving years it shall wear away, and when the earth melts, your writing will perish. Write, then, on the heart of a child. There engrave your thought, and it shall endure when the world shall pass away, and the stars shall fall, and time shall be no more. For that heart is immortal, and your words written there shall live through all eternities.



said, "Ye are the temple of God." Who did he mean? The men? The women? The boys and girls? I think so! And it is the boys and girls in whom we are interested as Company Guards, and whose spiritual development is partly under our care, sometimes entirely. Then what greater or more important mission can we have, for we are in some way building up on the temples of God. A pure ideal here—a nobler outlook there, and although God does not rule and reign in many of their hearts, yet if we are faithful to our task, how much more responsive they are going to be when that gentle, pleading voice is heard.

#### In Abundance

But let us go back to the story of David. What does it say about the building of the temple? It says that David prepared. Ah! there we are back to that all-important word again. But more than that we read that David prepared "in abundance," and therein lies another important factor. For although it is probable that David did not use everything that he had in readiness for the building, yet everything he needed was there and if one piece was flawed or did not fit, then there was always another to take its place.

And so let us not spare time or thought when we study our lesson, for although it is not likely that we will use every illustration or thought that we have in readiness, yet if questions arise and explanations are demanded, as they very often are, then all the time and thought and care that we have put into our lesson is worth while if we can satisfy the ques-

deals more graphically with the story and the Elder with the lessons that may be learned, so if we are teaching an older Company, do not let us despise the junior lesson, and if we are teaching a junior lesson, it is very wise to study beforehand the elder portion.

When we have the story firmly fixed in our minds then we can draw our lesson from it, and let it be something to fit in with the every day happenings in the lives of the children—in their home, at school, or at play. Drop a word here and a word there that may help them when they are not surrounded by quite such good influences, but do not make it too long or draw out our explanations so that it is likely to tire.

#### Spend Time with Jesus

Now let me bring this paper to a close with just one more important item in the preparation of a lesson, and in doing so let me repeat the words of a well-known divine, who, when dealing with the Gospel according to St. Mark, told how the disciples were with Jesus for a considerable time ere they received the command—"Go ye, and preach the Gospel," and he said that he hoped every Sunday School teacher spent some time with Jesus ere he or she taught a class. These words have never left me, and I realize the importance of them, and so do not let us forget that although we can learn much from our Bible and various other sources, yet at the Throne of Grace there is a place of preparation, for it is there we shall find our source of power to teach.



"There is a lad here."  
—John 6:9.

### THE ACORN AND THE OAK

A Rapid Review of the Development of The Army's Young People's Work

THE world-encircling Young People's Work of The Army began in a little English home—the home of The Army's Founders. While their parents were out in the highways and byways compelling drunkards and law-breakers, sinners of every class to come in, the saved Booth children, moved with youthful zeal, and perhaps to a little extent by childish imitiveness, were conducting unorganized gatherings in their own school-room, to which they invited the children of neighbors.

One of these enthusiasts, our present General, carried the idea beyond the family threshold, when, on the first Sunday afternoon in April, of 1869, the first children's Salvation Meeting was held in Bethnal Green Road, London, for the General, then a young man, made the children's work his own particular care.

From that children's Meeting there sprang such a work, so widely scattered and employing people of such widely-varying temperaments, that some definite rulings had to be given from time to time. About ten years from the commencement of this branch of the Work, its own newspaper, "The Little Soldier" (now known as "The Young Soldier") was also founded.

#### Give Their Testimonies

In January, 1888, the Founder conducted at Clapton a day of Council for Junior Soldiers' Staff and Junior Soldiers' Sergeants, and on the previous night he held at Regent Hall, London, a remarkable Meeting when two hundred Junior Soldiers, and no grown-up people (except the Junior Soldiers' Officers), surrounded him on the platform, and the children gave their testimonies.

Then, in 1890, came the development of the Sunday afternoon Company Meetings. In 1892 the Band of Love was inaugurated followed by the Young People's Legion. The Work continued to grow. Junior Cadets, afterwards called Corps Cadets, were formed, and there are now hundreds of Brigades throughout the world.

Young People's Bands and Singing Companies were added to the list of activities, and more recently the Life-Saving Movement was originated. When, in 1912, the Life-Saving Scouts, and in 1915 the Life-Saving Guards sprang into popularity. The Chum Brigade gave their first salute in 1917, and the Sun-beams in 1921.

### A Bid For Immortality

(Continued from Column 1)

Recently the Band again toured "over the line" and the Bandsmen were delighted to come across two young Officers who dated their conversion to the Band's visit five years before to their respective home towns.

And so we could relate many more stories of testimonies, messages, and work done in weakness for the Lord; but we leave these incidents with the reader with the hope that the important lesson of starting early in life to love and serve God may be as another "paw mark in the cement."

# It's a World Wide Salvation Army

82 Countries Colonies - 59 Languages - 14,719 Corps Outposts - 22,847 Officers Cadets

## Stories from West Africa

Dusky-skinned Salvationists who  
Have a Passion for Souls

**T**RAINING GARRISON CADETS, no matter what color or nationality, are Cadets the world over and the following incidents from sunny West Africa indicate that the real Army spirit is well in evidence in that interesting land.

A cadet from the Gold Coast came to the Training Garrison at Lagos, Nigeria, leaving one of his sisters as the only other member of his family who was a Salvationist. After his arrival at Lagos, where in the Training Garrison, "family prayers" held each morning, is a special feature, he began to pray earnestly for the conversion of the other members of his family, and now two other sisters have got converted and become Salvationists. The Cadet was also much troubled about one of his uncles who was addicted to strong drink and could never be induced to go to the Meetings. Recently, however, he commenced to attend Army Meetings and has given up the drink entirely. His conversion is now expected.

When the Cadets from the Gold Coast were about to sail from Accra, one of them saw his eldest brother who was addicted to "juju" practices, and dealt with him about his soul. Evidently his words made a deep impression, and supported by prayers on his part, he had some results, for his brother is now converted and has separated himself from all juju associations. Some weeks ago the Cadets were at Lagos Corps. In the Sunday morning Meeting a woman knelt at the Penitent Form. "Your mother is at the Penitent Form, go and speak to her," said the Principal to one of the Cadets. He went and had the joy of leading her to Christ. This was a definite answer to prayer. The mother had been a heathen but had decided to seek Salvation because of the blessing she had seen it bring to her family.

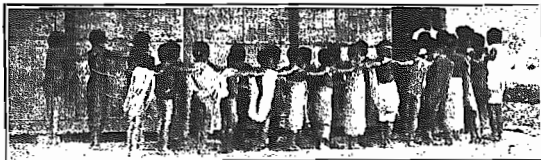
Another Cadet, before coming to the Training Garrison, was approached by his uncle, who had at one time been engaged in religious work, but was then keeping a store, to take charge of the place for him, instead of becoming an Officer. The Cadet could not see his way to do as his uncle wished and came away with the feeling that his uncle was against him for not complying with his wish. This troubled the Cadet so much that he wrote to his uncle explaining the plan for his action, telling him that God was doing his for his soul at the Garrison, and advising him to return to the good work he had himself formerly undertaken. The Cadet has since received word that his uncle has given up his store and gone back to his work for God.

A woman Cadet met with some opposition from her mother and certain members of her family because she was going to Lagos for Training. A palaver took place, for being heathens they did not understand what it all meant. Recently, however, the Cadet's mother and two sisters got saved, which, with the brother and sister already in The Army, makes them a complete Salvation Army family.

A gentleman addressed the pupils in a deaf and dumb institute, by means of crayon on the blackboard. Much kindness, insight, even wit was shown in their replies. Finally he wrote: "Why has God made me to hear and speak, and you doing neither?" Hea's went down; eyes were sufficed. It seemed a cruel question. Then a deaf and dumb out of his seat and taking the crayon, wrote, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight." What else to answer?

## With The Flag in Dutch East Indies

### Hospital Extension and Institutional Progress



Leper children of Java who have come under The Army's care.

"WE have recently had the pleasure of welcoming the new Session of Cadets into Training," writes Lt.-Colonel Rawie, General Secretary for the Dutch East Indies, in a dispatch to hand. "They arrived on the Monday and were publicly welcomed by Lt.-Commissioner Palstra, the Territorial Commander, the following Sunday. Though they are not a numerous company, they are a promising one. They include amongst them, Indo-Europeans, Chinese, Amboinese and Timorese comrades.

"In addition to their important engagements, the Territorial Commander and Mrs. Palstra, have paid a visit to Celebes, where they transacted business and conducted Officers' Meetings, as well as public gatherings. Both at the Divisional Headquarters and the Kalawara Leper Colony many matters of importance were discussed, while special conferences were held at Makassar, where we have a well attended Home for service men.

"Recently the two new wings of the William Booth Memorial Hospital were officially opened. These extensions, with the increased accommodation, have followed quickly upon the erection of the hospital itself. The opening date of the new wings stands out as a red letter day in the annals of the history of the hospital. A number of important citizens had made their way to the Reiniersz Boulevard, and the tastefully decorated tent which was erected for the occasion was filled with an appreciative company.

"Among the many who had accepted the invitation to attend this function, were, the Resident of Soerabaja, the Burgomaster of Soerabaja, with their ladies, and it was gratifying to us that the Burgomaster had agreed to conduct the opening of the new buildings. There were also present the Commandant of the Marine, the Military Commander, the British Vice Consul, the Medical Inspector and other medical gentlemen, while many representatives of Commerce and civic authorities were present, as well as newspaper reporters.

"The wife of the Burgomaster cut the ribbon, which had closed the entrance to the new buildings, and then, in company

with the Territorial Leaders and Staff, the new buildings were inspected. All were delighted with the practical way everything was arranged. The operation room, the polyclinic and the laboratory received specially warm praise. Expression of appreciation and thanks were not wanting. The Burgomaster and the Resident both expressed themselves in terms of appreciation for the work being carried on by The Salvation Army. The Medical Inspector, Professor Dr. Rodenwald spoke. He said he was greatly taken up with the way the hospital had been built and equipped. He realised that great thought and care had been given to the essential details, which are so important in a hospital of that character. The Professor then referred to the love and consideration of hospital service which are characteristic of The Salvation Army.

"On the occasion of the official visit of His Excellency the Governor General of the Dutch East Indies, word was received that His Excellency wished to visit our Military Home. This home provides accommodation for the men of Her Majesty's service. It is a place where they can read, write or recreate, in addition to this Salvation Meetings are held for their benefit. The Governor General arrived, accompanied by Governor Jasper and other authorities. Included amongst the distinguished personages present were Japanese Princes in their old Japanese attire. The Governor General was received by Lt.-Colonel Rawie, and words of warm welcome expressed.

"The Governor General expressed his pleasure and appreciation of the work of The Army, and when looking at the Meeting Hall, expressed his particular interest in its neat appearance, and commented upon its suitability. It was a pleasant surprise for His Excellency when the 'Little Singing Birds,' as the Japanese children from the Army's Home for children, are now called, sang a quaint old Japanese song for him. In their beautiful but simple Japanese garb, the children looked very sweet and it was pleasant to see one of the wee little girls from The Army's Home, handing flowers to the daughters of His Excellency."

## Japanese Bands Make Progress

Further evidence of the progress of the Salvation Army Bands in Japan was the recent journey of the Kyobashi and Shiba Bands to Kofu, a city ten five hours distant from Tokyo. Arriving at 5 o'clock Saturday evening, the Bands announced their arrival by a stirring march through the main street to the public hall. Here a packed audience of seven hundred and fifty greeted them, all having paid twenty sen to get in. The local people said there is some theatrical or musical event in this hall every Saturday evening, but that never before has there been such a crowd as that which packed the building for the visit of the Bands.

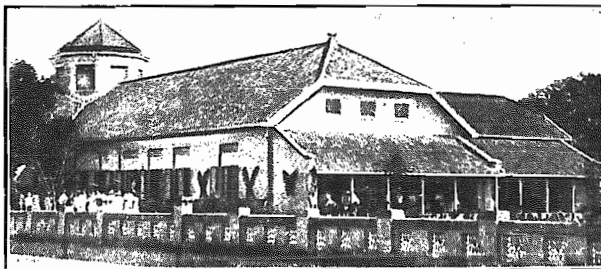
On the Sunday morning, a Holiness Meeting was held in The Army Hall and there were nine seekers after Holiness. In the afternoon a musical Salvation Meeting was held in the park, and at night a Salvation Meeting was conducted in the special hall again, nine coming to the Mercy Seat for Salvation. The Officers were delighted with the success of the Campaign, and declare that the whole town was influenced. The men left on Sunday midnight, and were back at their work early on the Monday morning, demonstrating the same self-sacrificing spirit that characterizes Army Bandsmen in all parts of the world.

## In Amsterdam

During one of the recent Campaign Prayer Meetings in Amsterdam an Officer spoke to a young woman who was evidently deeply affected by the Meeting. "Would you not like to kneel at the Penitent-Form?" she asked. "I would," said the young woman, "but if I do I shall cry!" "But what of that?" said the Officer. "Oh, I cannot," replied the distressed young woman, "I have forgotten to bring my pocket-handkerchief!" "You may borrow mine," said the Officer, and the young woman yielded, cried into the borrowed handkerchief and received the assurance of peace with God.

## Helping the Blind

In connection with the official inauguration of the work being done by The Army amongst the blind of Jamaica, the Kingston press gave a splendid prominence to the occasion, and as a result public interest in this new phase of Army activity was greatly stimulated. His Excellency, the acting Governor, Hon. A. S. Jelf, C.B.E., together with Mrs. Jelf, and supported by a number of distinguished ladies and gentlemen, was present at the afternoon and evening gatherings arranged in connection with the inauguration. His Excellency at the actual opening ceremony paid a fine tribute to the work of The Army. Later, in a larger assembly of citizens, he paid further tribute to the Movement. He said that he had requested the first place he had been requested to read a message which was left with him by the Governor, Sir Edward Stubbart, ran: "I am sorry it is not possible for me to be present at the opening of the School for the blind and the Inauguration of the Salvation Army work in Jamaica. The work which you are undertaking is so important that I appeal strongly to you to give the afflicted and feeble people the aim is not only to give them the blessing of God, but to help them to be useful citizens in the community. That the blessing of God is so great that it would be foolish for me to say that I wish for it, am assured of it."



The William Booth Memorial Hospital, Java.

## A WANDERER'S TRIBUTE

The Editor Receives an Interesting Letter from a Member of The Army's Open-Air Audience

Dear Editor:

I recently listened to The Salvation Army on a prominent street in the city of Calgary and feel that I would like to pay a small tribute to your Organization and the great work which it is doing.

Before hearing The Army street service I had already been to a church service and afterwards to a Bible class in one of the large churches. Church is not a new thing for me as I went as a child with my parents and have attended services fairly regularly for years. Moreover, owing to a good deal of changing about, I have attended church services in large cities, small towns and villages, and also in places that were remote and the services were held in a schoolhouse.

In a majority of cases, more or less, I could attend a service of my own denomination, or one quite similar, and have done so, but I have heard with especial pleasure, the message in song and story as given on the street by The Army. In the East and West, in the States and in Canada, on mountain or plain, it seems that wherever you go, or at least most places I have been, there is a little band of courteous souls who go about more than halfway to meet and greet the sinner.

This morning I heard a very eloquent, sincere, Christian pastor speak and I enjoyed his message. During the service, a sweet winsome girl sang a beautiful solo and altogether it was a beautiful service. But this afternoon, as I passed along a down-town street, I came to The Army holding its Meeting in the open and the setting appeared so very different.

The background to the Meeting was a beautiful open corner, a clear store on another corner and the busy railroad station across the road. The audience consisted largely of rough-necks, harvesters and hangers-on of one kind and another; a completely different class of people to those well-dressed companions of mine in the morning service. Yet here also was the wonderful message told in a plain, sincere and effective way and also there were some beautiful music from the lips and instruments of the Bandsmen that made the street corner seem a sacred place.

During the service, a pleasant-faced girl passed among the rough crowd with her tambourine taking up the offering, then, at the close of the Meeting they marched away and I came back to my room pondering over what I had seen and heard.

When you receive this letter I shall probably be in the hardest of times. I may say that have lost a wonderful mother by death, and a good home by fire in the East some years ago. I have since been more or less a wanderer, but am none more less glad to pass along an encouraging word to those engaged in doing a good work.—M.F.M.

## HER PROTECTOR

A little girl had once been frightened by hearing the talk of older people about the power and vicious spirit of Satan. On the first occasion she said to her mother: "Is Satan bigger than me?"

"Yes," replied her father.

"Is he bigger than you?"

"Ah, yes," was the sad reply.

"And is Satan bigger than Jesus?"

"No."

"Well, then," said the little girl, brightening up, "I don't care a rap for him!"

"And another thing—"



Is your baby's name on the Cradle Roll? The nearest Corps Officer will be glad to furnish full particulars.

## Congratulating the Centenarian

And Other Interesting Incidents During a Busy Weekend with Edmonton's Men's Social Officers

(By D.O.J.)



WE scarcely thought, as our train pulled into Edmonton last Sunday morning, that we were in for such a busy weekend as was eventually our lot, but now we realize that anyone in the company of Adjutant Stewart, the energetic, bustling Social Officer there, must be prepared for a full day.

As he whisked us off to his Quarters, and to his equally busy wife, he outlined the day's plans, and gladly we welcomed the news that this was a "big" day, the one day in the year when the Citadel Band visits the jail at Fort Saskatchewan.

## Beautiful for Situation

Almost before we knew where we were we had been packed into a car, and were speeding away out of the city. "Beautiful for Situation," were the words that came to us as the car took us along the high river banks of the Saskatchewan, and over the dizzy bridge. Grain fields shone in the distance, and cloud shadows moved slowly over the beautiful scene.

The cortege of cars turned into some wonderful gardens, bedecked with colorful flowers, and we learned that it is the custom for the Band on this outing to play at the Oliver Mental Homes. Long lines of men leaned over the fences as the strains of "My Jesus," floated in the air, pathetic in their dependence, and sad state, and amid the beauty and with the

fresh breezes blowing, our hearts ached at the very hopelessness of it all.

Soon we were away again, and as we went we heard of the friendliness of the jail officials, of their eagerness to have away at "Bonnie Doon," the Evening Home where forty old men live happily together.

One of the inmates, we learned, was celebrating his hundredth birthday, and gladly we welcomed the chance of doing honor to him. We called at the Adjutant's workmanlike office, and, if you please, he was waiting to conduct a wedding—so varied is the life of a Social Officer. While we were there the young couple came in, and the culmination of their 250-mile journey took place there. For we learned they had come all that way.

Stewart told us there was a birthday party away at "Bonnie Doon," the Evening Home where forty old men live happily together.

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## Letter from the Mayor

But now for the party. Such a birthday cake, with its flaming candles; such a "spread" of eggs and fruit for the old gentlemen, and such a happy spirit prevailed as Adjutant Stewart made congratulatory speech and read the following letter from the Mayor:

Office of the Mayor  
Edmonton, Alta.

Mr. Wm. Kennedy Lee,  
Eventide Home,  
Bonnie Doon,  
Edmonton, Alta.  
Dear Mr. Lee:

I understand that you are celebrating today your hundredth birthday and I wish, on behalf of your fellow citizens, to extend to you the heartiest congratulations on your attaining your present great age. I hope you are comfortable in the Home; I am sure the management will do everything in its power to see that you are, and with great care and attention, I hope we may be able to congratulate you this day next year and that you will then be going as strong as ever.

With very kind regards and best wishes,

Yours truly,  
(Sgd.) A. U. G. Bury,  
Mayor

Old Mr. Lee hardly knew what to make of it all, but when he read the letter, in spite of his years, he was ready and willing to make a return speech—and a speech indeed it was. Very clear and to the point he was, as he spoke of the quiet, humble life he had led, and thanked everyone for their kindness to him.

## "It Shall be Light"

We had to hurry off, for it was nearly train time for us, and the last sight of the Home we had was of the old gentlemen either sitting by the sunny wall gazing out to the ever-moving traffic, or pacing slowly between the flower-filled garden-beds—a picture which might well have been called, "At eventide it shall be light."

## "PULL, ADAM, PULL"

There was an Irish boy whose master wished to lengthen a web that was short measure. He gave the boy one end, and took hold of the other himself. He then said, "Pull, Adam, pull," but the boy stood still. "Pull, Adam," he shouted again. But the boy said, "I can't, sir."

"Why not?" the master asked.

"My conscience will not allow me."

"You will never do for a linen manufacturer," the master replied. "The boy, however, the famous Dr. Adam Clarke who persuaded thousands of men to hold faith and a good conscience."

## Something Everybody Should Know!

## WHAT CONVERSION MEANS

Salvation implies conversion, which means a change of heart. When men first discover their real condition before God, they find that they want help in two directions:

(a) They have broken the law of God, and need forgiveness.

(b) Their evil habits have got such a mastery over them that they are really slaves, and need deliverance from their bondage.

To meet the first need there is the blessing of pardon; and for the second there is the destruction of the power of evil by the Holy Ghost.

God implants in the soul of those whom He forgives a new heart, which loves Him, hates sin, and delights in Holiness, so that it becomes afterwards as easy and natural to do right as before it was to do evil. This change we speak of as conversion.

## Missionary Adventuring in South Africa

SOME intensely interesting accounts have been appearing in the South African "War Cry" concerning Commissioner de Groot's Campaign in Southern Rhodesia; we have been privileged with the following additional information from Lt.-Colonel Soul, Divisional Commander of the Mashona Division, who has spent nearly thirty years in missionary work as a Salvation Army Officer in South Africa.

"It was deeply moving after travelling scores of miles through wild bush and country to hear a stirring shout of welcome, and a little later to pass through group after group of Comrades many of whom leaped into the air from sheer joy at seeing the General's representative in the heart of their own country. We shall not forget the weirdness of the Meeting around the great Camp fires which crackled and roared or the hundreds of gleaming and highly animated faces when the Commissioner spoke.

"The singing was wonderful, and reverent attention was given throughout. Then came the march away to the respective camps of the various sections, each headed by a Sergeant or Officer, armed with an assegai baton to ward off intruders which quite probably might at any time have been a lion or a leopard!

"The attendances at the various Meetings were very good; not only numerically

it didn't look like it, when Adjutant (they ranged from one thousand one hundred to Nyachura to fifty-seven at Chineta Road, away in the wilds), but from a representative standpoint.

"At this season though, many of our people are in the fields driving off baboons and wild pigs from the crops, or down on the Zambesi watching for elephants or rhinoceros. Every Army centre sent representatives, and it was cheering at Nyachura to see the two paramount chiefs of the district (each wearing his badge of office) seated on a bench to the Commissioner's left, and behind them two hundred and fifty of the leading men of the district who will return to their kraals in Zambesi and away back in the Reserves to tell all that took place.

"It will cheer the heart of our beloved General to know that he was affectionately remembered, and many were the fervent prayers which ascended on his behalf.

"The party had heard a lot about the 'lion infested country' they were to visit. The fact is we did not even hear a lion, although we certainly saw the skull of one, which, a few days before, had killed an ox. Leaping up on the span it had carried off one of the oxen, and when it had had a good feed left the remains. These were dosed with strychnine.

"The lion returned for a second meal and soon lay dead in its tracks. We also passed over the road where lions had killed three natives, and slept for two nights in a kraal where they had recently killed five oxen, but they did not visit the kraal during our stay."



# THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in  
 Founder **William Booth**  
 General **Bramwell Booth**

Canada West and Alaska  
 International Headquarters  
 London, England

Territorial Commander,  
 Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,  
 317-319 Carlton St.,  
 Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Joy.

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## GENERAL ORDERS

**HARVEST FESTIVAL, 1928—Staff and Field Officers** are requested to note that Harvest Festival Celebrations should be held throughout the Canada West Territory during the month of September. Actual Corps dates will be decided by the Divisional Commander.

**YOUNG PEOPLE'S RALLY DAY** will be observed at all Corps throughout the Territory on Sunday, September 16th.

CHAS. T. RICH,  
 TERRITORIAL CMDR.

## OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

Official Gazette—  
 (By Authority of the General)  
 Staff-Captain Edith Hansell, Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, to be Major.  
 CHAS. T. RICH,  
 Territorial Commander.



Major Edith Hansell, who receives the hearty congratulations of her comrades and friends in the Territory on her elevation to that rank. The Major, as is well known, is the Assistant Superintendent of the Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, and her services in that institution are most highly valued. The Major recently left on a visit to the Old Land and with her go the good wishes of her comrades.

## VOLUNTEERS WANTED

We repeat the request made in our last issue in connection with the forthcoming "Babies Day" on behalf of the Grace Hospital, Winnipeg. Taggers and workers are needed for this worthy event and Major Oake, the organizer, will be glad to hear from volunteers. Phone 88003 or write the Major at 317 Carlton Street.

# Japan's New Headquarters Opened

**HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL CONGRESS MEETINGS LED BY LT.-COMMISSIONER YAMAMURO**

THE disastrous earthquake which devastated Tokio, the Capital of Japan, and appalled the world in 1923, it will be remembered, razed the Territorial Headquarters building to the ground. This staggering reverse was met with heroic fortitude and courage by our Japanese Comrades, and now we rejoice to learn that after a lapse of five years the official opening of the new building is now an accomplished fact.

The opening took place in connection with the Annual Congress meetings and in spite of torrential rain and unfavorable weather conditions, the Central Hall was packed. Many people were left standing in the passageways of both ground floor and gallery.

On the platform were Mr. Mochizuki (Minister for Home Affairs), Doctor Niitobe (one of Japan's delegates to the League of Nations at Geneva), Bishop Uzaki (of the Methodist Church), and representatives of the Premier, the Minister for the Imperial Household, the Minister for Education, the Minister of Justice, the Governor of the Tokio Prefecture, the Mayor of Tokio and Viscount Shibasawa.

The Home Minister, Mr. Mochizuki, had declined fourteen other invitations to

attend meetings and functions in order to be present.

Doctor Niitobe highly eulogized The Army's spirit of Internationalism, expressed pleasure in the many points of contact he had established with The Army in various parts of the world. He declared that The Army's well-known aggressive fighting was not incompatible with a desire for world peace, the fact being that the fighting instinct ought not to be repressed but directed into right channels. The Army's victories bring lasting peace into men's lives, he said.

Bishop Uzaki, who spoke at the great welcome to the General at Hibiyu Park, Tokio, again spoke eloquently of his admiration for The Army.

After the opening ceremony, five hundred distinguished visitors were conducted around the building.

One of the features of the Congress gatherings led by Lieut.-Commissioner Yamamuro was the presence of Local Officers and Soldiers from distant parts.

The commissioning of fifty-seven Cadets and their appointment as Officers of the Japanese Field brought to conclusion a highly successful series of Congress Meetings.

## Territorial Table Talk

Winnipeg, September 1st

The public Welcome Meetings of the new Cadets are scheduled to take place in Winnipeg on the last Sunday in September, when our Territorial Leaders will be in command. The "Hub City" Comrades are looking forward to this interesting annual event. Times of the gatherings and place to be announced later.

Lord Lovat, chairman of the Overseas Settlement Board (covering the Dominion), at a conference on emigration matters held in the Royal Alexandra Hotel, Winnipeg, on Monday afternoon last, paid a warm tribute to The Army's work. Ensign Isabella Murray, of the Immigration Department, Toronto, represented The Army at this gathering and was among those invited to speak.

We heard recently of a young comrade who, wishing to visit his mother some hundreds of miles away and not having the price of train fare, worked his way along on a cattle train. He travelled with rough-and-ready companions but kept The Army Colors flying high. This is the kind of spirit that has made the West famous.

## SAVE THE CHILDREN

SOME time ago, we remember, a large crowd of people stood upon a bridge in Winnipeg, watching the swirling, eddying flood which swept underneath, bearing on its bosom every imaginable kind of debris, the result of a cloud-burst in the vicinity.

Roofs of houses, hen coops, trees and the carcasses of drowned animals floated past in seeming endless procession and held the attention of the watchers for many hours at a stretch.

Presently a large tree, its branches and leaves projecting well out of the water, drifted in sight, swiftly borne on by the current. At the same time a curious whirling cry was heard by the gazing crowd, seeming to come from overhead. Suddenly a mother robin ceased in her wild flight and came fluttering down towards the heads of the people. It was

During their recent tour in the Territory the Training Principal and Mrs. Brigadier Carter conducted nearly sixty Meetings, not counting Open-Airs. Nine special Meetings were conducted with young men and women and the Brigadier lectured twenty-two times in India. One of the outstanding pleasures of the trip was the meeting of the greater portion of Officers trained under the Brigadier during the past five years.

Adjutant Elsie Haines, of the Training Garrison Staff, left Winnipeg on Thursday last to take charge of the Regina Citadel Corps for a few weeks in the absence of Officers. She will be assisted by Captain E. Griffiths.

Among the visitors to Territorial Headquarters last week was Brother "Ted" Brett, a veteran Salvationist of Stratford, Ont., and also one of the earliest Bandmen of the Woodstock, Ont., Corps. Our comrade will be remembered by many as a Sand Tray expert travelling extensively with a special exhibit in the interests of the Young People's work. We tender deep sympathy to our Comrade in the recent loss of his wife at Stratford.

seen then that the branches of the tree floating towards the bridge contained a nest with young birds inside. On swept the tree, followed by the mother bird still uttering her piercing cry of distress until lost to view.

There are being borne along today on the restless current of life large numbers of young people who, for the time being, do not see the dangers which lie at the end of their journey. Like the mother bird, however, there are those, and among them are our splendid Y.P. Workers and Company Guards, who are fully alive to the snares which beset our youth, and are endeavoring to enlist the aid of the onlookers as well as making desperate attempts to save their young charges.

Let all, this coming fall and winter, launch out into a mighty effort to save the children from the destructive floods of sin and iniquity, God graciously providing His own mighty aid with ours.

# THE ANNUAL CONGRESSES



Colonel Mary Booth, the second daughter of the General and Mrs. Booth, who, as announced last week, will conduct the Annual Fall Congresses in Western Canada.

We are now able to definitely inform our readers that the Congress in Winnipeg will take place from Friday, Oct. 12th to Tuesday, Oct. 16th, and the Vancouver Congress from Friday, Oct. 19th to Tuesday, Oct. 23rd.

Pray that these gatherings may be abundantly blessed of God in the Salvation of souls and the stirring up of God's people. Further details will be published later.

## COMMISSIONER AND MRS. MAPP

After an absence of some five months, during which he has visited The Army in the U.S.A., Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, Commissioner Henry Mapp has arrived back at the International centre with inspiring tidings concerning the victories he has been privileged to witness. He was given a warm welcome at Waterloo Station, and has already had important interviews with the Chief of the Staff. With him on arrival was Mrs. Mapp, who has spent some time in the U.S.A., and Major Frank Taylor, who has been with the Commissioner throughout the journey.

## COMMISSIONER MITCHELL

**Serious Operation Successfully Undergone in Stockholm**

It is with a feeling of relief and gratitude to God that we learn that Commissioner George Mitchell has successfully undergone the major operation for which he entered a Stockholm hospital a week or two ago.

For some time, as announced in a recent issue, Sweden's Commissioner has been in poor health, and this was step which we have indicated fully became necessary.

A second cable to hand states that the doctors are hopeful.

## THE CHIEF SECRETARY

We are glad to inform our readers that the second aural operation performed on Colonel Miller, the Chief Secretary, and which took place on Monday last in the General Hospital, has been successful and that the Colonel is doing well. Mr. Brigadier Taylor was with Mrs. Colonel Miller at the hospital during the operation and the latter especially was eloquent of the many prayers supporting her. The Colonel's comrades, wherever they will, we are sure, bear him up before God that he may make a full recovery.

"For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven"

## Winnipeg Grace Hospital

"BABIES DAY", SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22nd

Your help is earnestly solicited.

## Centenary Call Campaign

# The Army's Crusade for the Young

By THE GENERAL

Our Leader indicates The Army's attitude towards the rising generation in every land

## Centenary Call Campaign

THE ARMY'S WORK for children and young people has already made very substantial progress in all the countries, or nearly all the countries in which our Flag is flying. It is work carried on not only for the benefit of the children of our own people—of whom, of course, there are hundreds of thousands—but it is organised on a distinctly aggressive plan by which we are endeavoring to reach the outside children—the children and young people who may be said to be outside the influences of any definite religious teaching.

We are encouraged to seek the extension of this work not only here and in other Western land, but also in the East, and we are encouraged to this extension chiefly because we have proved certain possibilities; that is to say, that much of the work we are now doing has passed out of the experimental stage, and its aim is seen to be a possibility for all peoples.

### Consciously Born into the Kingdom

We have proved, to begin with, that the children, even the young children, may be saved by the grace of God, that they may be consciously born into the Kingdom of Christ, and that they may have for themselves the assurance of His favor and be kept in that state of Salvation by His power.

We have proved, also, that the testimonies of children to the power of Christ in their own lives make a special appeal to other children and to young people, and that when they have that new life, the witness of that life may be seen in all that pertains to childhood. Christ may be manifested in their play, in their school life, in their friendships, in all those associations which we commonly attribute to childhood's years and, indeed, Christ may be seen to come again in the form of the child and in the life of childhood.

NOW, there's one thing that I do think our Sarah is a trifle too anxious about, and that is over making the children into Officers.

I am a Salvationist myself, and my Salvation is of the "Blood-and-Fire" sort, or else I should not do for the Corps Sergeant-Major. Still, you can carry even important things too far. For Sarah, you see, will not be content with the children being saved and getting Heaven; she wants them all to be Officers, and that is rather a high target to aim at.

She says to me: "Why not, Sergeant-Major? Can anybody tell me why they shouldn't be? They are all healthy and strong and have got the perfect use of their faculties. Is there anything half so important they can do in the world? They belong to Jesus Christ. I have heard you say so yourself, and the General says Officers of the right sort are the great need of The Army; and why should not my children be the right sort? And why shouldn't they go to help the dear Lord? Or they shall, if I can rule; and I am going to rule, if I can!" And then she gets excited about it.

### Did Mostly as They Liked

You see, the first three came into the world in a bit of a hurry, and grew up to be pretty big children, and did mostly

We have proved that when the child age is past and the years on the threshold of manhood and womanhood are entered upon, life can be exalted—that it can be lifted up so as to be a life really after the pattern of Christ's own life.

Those years are admittedly the most difficult years, at any rate, in these Western lands. In those difficult years of adolescence, of changing into early manhood and maturity, Christ may become as really the dominating force, the controlling power, as in the later years.

### King of our Hearts

Oh, I do feel that nothing has proved of greater interest to my own spirit, to my own mind, than witnessing how the lads and the lasses, the youths and the maidens, may be truly possessed by the Spirit of Jesus, and may manifest to those of older years that Christ can indeed be the King of our hearts.

Well, we have seen this: we have proved it: it is going on all around us; it is a fact not only here in our own land, but to be seen in the other lands.

And we have proved that such young people, as we designate them, can become powerful instruments in the hands of God to win their fellows, beginning with their own families.

There must be many thousands of Salvation Soldiers today, particularly in the Western countries, who have been won for God by their young folks, and often where mothers and fathers have been lacking in that they have not

brought the little ones to Christ, the children have taken their place, and God's order has been strangely and yet beneficially transposed, and instead of the parents leading the children to God—oh, we have seen it again and again—the children have led the parents to God.

All over the world, as I move about from land to land, I see and hear of families, and sometimes groups of families, that have been brought to God, that have been shown the way of Life, that have been led into the Everlasting Paths by the children who have first found a living Saviour.

Then we have proved that the children and the young people can become, on their own account, soul-winners; that, young as they may be, they can become an important reinforcement of energy and confidence and life to our older forces.

### A Mighty Force

And I see everywhere signs of the increasing volume of that strength in the enlargement of the young people's hearts and minds, and in their devotion to the great business of making known the love and power of God. Depend upon it, when Jesus Christ said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," He was thinking not only of the Salvation of the children themselves, but He had in mind the mighty force that would be represented by their fervor and confidence and life.

## Sarah Talks Straight About the Children

And she gets her own way after all

By the Corps Sergeant-Major

as they liked worse luck!—before their father and mother were converted; and Tom, the eldest, when he was about fourteen, went off to America with a neighbor, who took a great fancy to him, and promised to look after him, and nothing else would satisfy the boy; and though his mother was dead set against it, he teased me until I consented; and off he went; and then Sarah so abused me about it that I repented, and had a week's drinking over it, which ended, strange to say, in my getting beautifully saved.

Bless the Lord for that! My Heavenly Father knows how to bring good out of evil. But then his mother has never stopped fretting about Tom going away. She often cries herself to sleep at nights, thinking about his poor soul, and telling God that He must save him.

And then, unfortunately, instead of getting good news about the boy, it comes worse and worse. He does not write very often himself now, but he never answers my questions about Salvation.

Sarah is really vexed about him. For, she says: "Only think what a thing it would be if the devil was to get the cleverest in the family to spend his life in making a fortune and go to Hell at last, when he might be winning souls, and end up in Heaven! No," she says, "The Army ought to have him for Jesus Christ, and it shall do, if I can shape it!"

But, I was saying, it seems as how as Tom has got into bad company, does a little betting and takes nips of brandy, and cocktails and such things. Now, I don't know what cocktails are, except it is that they stir the spirits they drink

with feathers of some sort. Anyway, from the latest accounts poor Tom is going down the broad road, and that at a pretty round pace.

Now, when I had read the last letter over to Sarah, and she was crying over it fit to break her heart, I felt I must say something to comfort her, and so I says: "Sarah, I ought we to be surprised at this? Isn't it all through my example? What did he see in his father—and, as far as that goes, in his mother—as well—to lead to anything different?—for we both lived very far away from God. What else could we expect?"

And you should have seen her—all at once she wiped her tears away with her apron. She always has a nice clean apron on, no matter what work she is doing. Well, she wiped her tears away, and her eyes flashed fire, and she turned on me furious-like, and she says:

"What can I expect, Sergeant-Major? Why? I expect that God is going to convert the boy. That is what I expect. Nothing else will do for his mother, whether it does for his father or not."

"Haven't I repented for him, and cried myself to sleep nights without number, and prayed for his Salvation every day since God converted my poor soul?—and does not our Captain say that if we believe with all our hearts God will give us the things for which we ask?—and if that comes true of strangers in the Hall won't it come true of our own flesh and blood? Yes, I believe that God is going to convert Tom, and make an Officer of him. Of course I do. I can't be happy here with Tom serving the devil in

Many of you have not heard much of those wonderful religious movements of the past which were called the Crusades. The Crusades were wonderful in their absolute negation of self. Mistaken as many of them were in object, the spirit which animated them was of the most marvellous and beautiful character.

And amongst those Crusades none were more wonderful or beautiful than the Children's Crusade. Well, it seems to me that here in The Salvation Army world we are showing again something of that wonderful forgetfulness of self, that abandonment of earthly gains and pleasures, when we see the young people stretching out their hearts and hands for the rescue of others.

### Moulding Young Lives

In these days when so much that is subversive of family life, of home life, indeed, of honest life, is borne into the minds, and brought before the eyes of the young, I feel that The Army is rendering a service of immense value in thus moulding the lives of the young people coming under its influence.

If our children fail, then the nation will fail, and The Army will fail—everything will fail. But if the children and young people can be held to God, then we shall have indeed a glorious future, not only a future for The Salvation Army, but a prosperous future for the Kingdom of Christ.

You Salvationists, do not be discouraged because your progress is so slow compared with the need. Go on, ever on, with your work. Rise up to be more desperate in your efforts to bring the children to Christ. He will help you. And if you, dear friends of The Salvation Army who may be reading this, can stretch out a helping hand, then we ask you to do it, and may God bless you all and pour out His grace upon the young people of the world!

America; and how could I be happy in Heaven with my poor Tom in Hell, especially when I should be thinking all the time that it was through his mother's example before she was converted, and her neglect of his soul after she was saved?

"No," I tell you, Sergeant-Major, that it is all very well for fathers to be faint-hearted about the Salvation of their children; but when it comes to their responsibility is different. She will be solved to have her children saved, whether they will or no; and I am going to have Tom saved if I have to go to America on purpose. I am a very bad sailor; but Tom's soul must be saved, and if it is necessary I'll face the dangers of the stormy sea to get him converted and sent into an Officer; for I believe that is what he was born for; and I don't mean Providence to be bested by the devil if I can help it!"

### His Mother's Example

Then I says to her: "Sarah, is not this ingratitude for all the goodness of God to you? And isn't it like lying in the face of your Heavenly Father, and being ungrateful in forgetting all His wonderful goodness to your other children? Have you not got three of them saved, and aren't they the best children in the world?"

(Continued on page 8)

## Centenary Call Campaign

Every hour and every power  
for Christ and Duty

## Centenary Call Campaign

By the pathway of duty flows  
the river of God's grace

## The Deliberations of Daniel Domore



Slow City, Mass.  
September 1st

Dear Mr. Editor:

Glorie be to goodness, we shall not be here after (and woman). If ever man (and woman) knew the true inward meaning of being "fed-up" it's your own unworthy, humble servant, Daniel Domore, Envoy. It seems as if we have been here ever since the old General went down to Mile End Waste. But one must not complain, Dorcas says I am looking better in the face, and I feel better, and she has put on nearly ten pounds since coming here, so we shall have something to take away with us.

I thought you would be interested in hearing how we got on with our Radio Service last Sunday night. We had a splendid crowd present. There was Dorcas and me, and the storekeeper and his wife, and his sister-in-law, and her husband, and his mother, and the girl from the telephone office, and the man who is running the farm at the next Section to us, only he is a foreigner and does not understand English. We made a nice little company.

We tuned in to some city down in the States, and got to just at the end of some Meeting. There was a man shouting out, "Is my son John here? Where is my son John?" and the old mother-in-law got quite nervy again, and looked at me as if I had that boy John hidden in the house.

Then the preacher said, "Oh, here he is; here's my John." "Now, John," he shouted, "I want you to sing 'Back to my Father and Home,' and 'John' began to sing it, in the loudest kind of a shout you have ever heard. I began to wish he would go back to his home—or that I could, to mine.

So I gave the pointer a little move, and then, oh, then it was just lovely. I heard the machine say, and it was music in my ears—This is C.K.Y. Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada—The Salvation Army Citadel Band." I just sat me back to listen. Dorcas smoothed down her apron over her knees, and the rest of the little crowd, they looked as happy as four bits, especially the foreigner.

The Band played a real Army tune, and Dorcas forgot where she was and joined in singing, "Tell me the old, old Story," and so did I, and so did the others, all except that poor old Ruthenian, and he nodded his head.

Then somebody prayed, I think it was the Adjutant, and after that they sang ever so many choruses, and the Songsters sang, "Bless them that bless the Band," again, and after that we had the collection, and I passed round a plate and took up a dollar and fifty cents—the foreigner gave the dollar—and then we had such a nice address. It sounded like the Commissioner. Oh, I was pleased, just like being at home it. After the address, I had finished, I called on our Dorcas to pray, and we had a little Prayer-Meeting, which was almost spoilt because I had forgotten to turn off the radio, and ABXYZ or some other call struck in.

I thought you would be interested in these particulars, and might like to make a special mention of it. What a blessing these Army Radio programmes are. It nearly reconciled me to staying on at Slow City, but we've got our reservations made for the Monday afternoon train, so I guess I'll be turning in to see you one day next week. Sorry you have not said anything about rises or drops, but of course that is your kind of business, because you know I have been on holiday.

Yours still in the War,

Daniel Domore, Envoy.

## Salvation Adventures Awheel

The Chariots roll on to fresh victories—Large crowds hear the Message of the Cross

### The Alberta Chariot

ALTHOUGH the Saturday night Meeting at Coronation had to be cancelled because of a heavy thunderstorm, the following Sunday morning saw the Chariot holding an Open-Air with a good number of townsfolk listening interestedly. In the afternoon music was given to the inmates of the local hospital. The four Charioters assisted the Rev. Mr. Armstrong with his evening service and several persons expressed their pleasure at hearing the singing and playing of the visitors.

Immediately after the service the touring party held an Evening Meeting, at which there was a good attendance. The audience joined in the singing of the old hymns and although the weather was cool, stood and intently listened to the Salvation message.

After a few miles running through mud the Chariot landed in Thirone. Two elevators, one store and two houses comprised this town. People from the country came in for the Meeting but about the time for the start, the weather turned quite chilly.

### Salvation in a Station

The Charioters realizing that the folk would be cold standing for some two hours in the open, set out to get the distant school house as a meeting place, only to find that it had been vanished inside. There was only one place left and that was the small station. Quickly we arranged the boxes and tubs stored there in a row and hustled out after one plane, and the girls were converted into benches. One Charioter raced for the schoolhouse while another made tracks for the lone store. Soon we were both back with lamps which were placed in the station. Here fifteen of an audience gathered and listened very attentively. At the close of the service, in response to an invitation, four raised their hands for prayer.

A real good crowd heard the message at Veteran the following night. The visitors pleased their hearers with their music and song. Rev. Simpson, the Baptist Minister, testified that the Chariot and his message was with power. Four hands were raised for prayer.

During the afternoon at Consort the Charioters played at the hospital where their efforts were appreciated. It was found that in this town the children could certainly sing. Captain Bamsey had the young folk singing lustily, while Lieut. Allan showed his approval from the other side of the road. Although visible results the four were confident that God Himself had spoken to many.

Monitor was the next stop. The adults of this town sang exceptionally well and put their hearts into the Meeting. Seven young people, ages ranging from eleven to sixteen came forward desiring to seek the Saviour. The Charioters were privileged here to meet Bro. Rickman, an old Salvationist from Eastern Canada. He is superintendent of the local Sunday School and is still a uniformed Salvationist.

## Sarah Talks Straight About the Children

(Continued from page 7)

and don't they love their mother? And is not Jack a Captain just gone to his first Corps? And is not Sarah a Lieutenant? And is not Mary a Corps Cadet? And are you not full of hope that Benjamin, the baby, is going to grow up to be a child of God and an Officer?"

Now, I meant all this for the best, and I thought that what I brought in about the baby becoming an Officer would have pleased her. But you should have seen the look she gave me!

"Sergeant-Major," she said, "do you know what you are talking about? I don't think you do. Is that the proper talk for the man that holds your office? Do you think your baby—(she always calls it my baby when she talks to me serious about it)—do you think that your baby is a child of the devil, and that he has to grow up before he can get into the arms of his Saviour? No, you don't and if you do, I don't! I believe what our Captain says that the promise of Salvation is to us and to our children, and

### The Manitoba Chariot

THURSDAY, August 9th, found us at Rathwell, where we had a bright, interesting Meeting. Here we met a young minister of the Gospel, very zealous in his work for the kingdom of God. At La Riviere we had a blessed time, although our crowd was small. After a good rousing sing, the good tidings of Salvation were delivered, and the invitation for volunteers for Christ was given. One young woman came to the drumhead and seven others asked for prayer. The new convert gave a stirring testimony to the crowd. Praise God for victory! The following evening at Manitou, four youths sought Christ at the drumhead before a large crowd of their townsfolk and God rewarded their courage and sincerity.

On Sunday morning we were in Pilot Mound and held our Meeting in the United Church. Everybody enjoyed the Meeting. Here we met some Old Country Salvationists. In the afternoon we were at Crystal City and at night in the United Church at Riverdale, where the church was filled and the annex had to be used. We rejoiced over one sinner coming to Christ; a good living man, but one who saw his need as the old story of Nicodemus was told.

We spent part of Monday with our American cousins at Hannah, N.D., where we had a fine Meeting at night. A very much larger crowd than we anticipated came in from the surrounding district. The singing was excellent.

Tuesday we had a slight mishap, therefore, our Meeting at Thornhill had to be cancelled. Going across a large slough north of Snowflake, the road is very narrow and at this point due to the roughness of the road, although proceeding slowly, our steering gear locked, landing us in the slough, flat on our side. But we are very thankful that neither the car, or the Charioters were injured in any way.

While waiting for a tractor to pull us out, a gentleman passing in his car, asked us how much cursing and swearing we did when it happened, and we were glad to tell him that that sort of thing had no place in our hearts, but that we thanked God for His protecting care over us. We were put right again with the aid of seven men, a team of horses and a large Hart-Parr tractor. All gave their services gratis, which means a lot to farmers at this busy season.

At Darlington we had a good Meeting, at the close of which three listeners raised their hands for prayer. A storm hampered our Meeting at Miami, but a good crowd stayed in spite of it to hear our message. Seven asked for prayer.

Several other small towns were visited, at each we had good attentive crowds. Sunday night we had two Meetings in Morden, one at the United Church and another in the Main Street. No results were seen, but as the minister said, "We shall never realize on this earth the extent of blessing we were by God's help."

—Spot Light the Fourth.

## A Companion Tune Index

Showing the Number and First Line of the Song of The Army Song Book, and the Number of its Companion Tune, or tunes, in the New Band Song Book (Compiled by Hon. Dr. J. H. Williams, Winnipeg City)

N.B.—Fresh settings and new tunes are marked thus (\*)

Family Worship		
250 What is this to me	271	
251 Father, Lord of earth	10	
252 Forth in Thy name	11	
253 I have loved thee	81	
254 Saviour lead me, lest	10	
255 Jesus, my Strength my	121	
256 Jesus, my Strength my	121	
257 I want to walk within	121	
258 My God, My Father...	11	
259 I want to walk within	121	
260 I need Thee every hour	479	
261 Jesus, we look to Thee	121	
262 Captain of Israel's host	218	
263 Behold, the servant of	10	
264 Glory to Thee my God	31	
265 All praise to Thee my God	31	
266 Take the name of Jesus	272	
267 Nearer, my God to Thee	321	
268 I cannot sing to Thee	321	
269 I do not ask Thee Lord	119	
270 If some poor wandering	16	
271 He it my only wisdom	217	
272 My God, how endless is	28	

Dedication of Children		
815 Lord with grateful	211	
816 Captain of our	218	
817 Behold the gentle	217	
817 Father, we for our	217	

Funerals		
819 Servant of God, well	121	
820 When I have said	271	
821 Rejoice for a comrade	296	
822 When the roll is called	252	
823 When the roll is called	491	
(Promoted to Glory)		
824 Holy soul, thy days	271	
825 We shall meet again	271	

(To be Continued)

NOTE—Song numbers 150 to 774 were inadvertently omitted from our last issue and in order that our readers may have the full list of songs, we are publishing the "Index" be cut out and kept for reference. The final list will appear next week.—Ed.

## BY MOTHER'S LIGHT

A boat carrying a father and his little daughter was on its way to the shore. While steering for the shore, they were overtaken by a violent storm, which threatened destruction. The coast was dangerous.

The mother at home, conscious of the danger to her loved ones, lighted a lamp and started up the worn stairway to the attic window.

"Mother," the son called after her. But on she went, put the light in the window, knelt beside it and prayed. Out in the storm the daughter saw a glimmer on the water's edge. "Steer for that," the father said. Slowly but steadily they came toward the light and at last were anchored in a safe harbor.

"Thank God," cried the mother, as she heard their glad voices and came down the stairway with a lamp in her hand. "How did you get here?" "We steered by mother's light," the daughter answered, "although we did not know out there what it was."

"You brought the son, a wayward boy," it is time I was steering by mother's light." Before he slept he surrendered himself to God and asked Him to guide him over life's rough sea. Moments went by and disease smote him. "He can't live long," said the doctor. "One night he'll be dying."

"I'm not afraid for him," she said. "I shall make the harbor, for I am steering by my mother's light."

—Spot Light the Fourth.

—Spot Light the Fourth.

—Spot Light the Fourth.

—Spot Light the Fourth.

—Spot Light the Fourth.

—Spot Light the Fourth.

—Spot Light the Fourth.

—Spot Light the Fourth.

—Spot Light the Fourth.

—Spot Light the Fourth.

—Spot Light the Fourth.

—Spot Light the Fourth.

—Spot Light the Fourth.

—Spot Light the Fourth.

—Spot Light the Fourth.



### A BAD PRACTICE

A Bandsman writes us complaining the practice obtaining in many Bands where men pull out the slides of their instruments with a pop and others blow out the water with a sound very much like that made by elephants blowing through their trunks. No discretion is used by many of the offenders. This is not an uncommon practice in the Sunday evening Meeting, and makes an unfavorable impression upon the congregation. Our correspondent thinks Bandsmasters should take the matter in hand and discourage the practice. He makes a point of getting his water out of the instrument after he has played. If men would keep their valves down when pulling out their slides there would be no "popping," and, incidentally, they would give the impression of understanding the elementary laws governing the instruments they play.

### RHYTHM

The difference between rhythm and time and accent is as follows: Take a number of notes of equal length and emphasize every second, third, and fourth; the music will be said to be in rhythm of two, three, or four—meaning in time. Now take a number of these groups or bars and emphasize them in the same way as their sub-divisions; the same term will still be employed, and rightly so. Again, instead of notes of equal length, let each group consist of unequal notes, but similarly arranged; the form of these groups also is spoken of as the "prevailing rhythm," though here "accent" is the only correct expression.

Thus we see that the proper distinction of the three terms is as follows: "Accent" arranges a dissimilar mass of notes into long and short; "time" divides them into groups of equal duration; "rhythm" does for these groups what "accent" does for notes.

Summed up, 'rhythm' is the metre of music. The value of 'rhythm' in acting as a stimulus to pure music is also referred to. If we analyse any piece of music, it will be found that whether the 'ultimate' distribution of the accents be twofold or threefold, the larger divisions nearly always run in twos, the rhythm of three, four, or seven being merely occasionally used to break the monotony. This is only natural for the comprehensibility of music is in direct proportion to the simplicity of its rhythm, irregularity in this point giving a disturbed and emotional character to the piece, until, when all attention to rhythm is ignored, the music becomes incoherent and incomprehensible, though not of necessity disagreeable.

### MISUNDERSTOOD

An old Scotch lady tramped several miles to the city to have a doctor's prescription made up. One of the ingredients was a poison, and the chemist poured this out with scrupulous care, measuring each drop as it trickled into the glass.

Suddenly the old lady indignantly exclaimed: "Eh, mon, ye needna be sae mean. It's for a pair, wee orphan bairns."

BANDMASTERS should acquaint themselves more with the trombone section than any other, because it is an old saying, and a true one, that trombones either spoil a band or add grandeur and beauty to it by producing the necessary "color."

It is essential that the trombonist (whether he be solo, second, or bass) should have what is termed "a good ear," and unless he possesses this priceless gift, he should retain his place in the valve sections. A player may do very creditably on a valve instrument, and yet prove a failure on the slide trombone, so it is necessary for the Bandsmaster to see that he has the best musicians on this instrument. What is more pleasing in brass band work than a set of trombones playing accurately their allotted notes in a chord?

In the main, accompanying parts allotted to the trombone, provided they are played with "idea," that is, the player keeping in mind that he is the accompanist, and not the soloist, and playing the part as it is written and noting expression marks, are very pleasing to the ear, supplying as they do the necessary "color." How often do we hear folk say: "Oh, those horrid trombones, they're a nuisance," and I agree with them, but why? Because the wrong men are playing them. It is a fact that cannot be ignored. How often the beautiful and voice-like effect of the trombone is abused and execution substituted for tone! If it is only kept in mind that tone comes first and execution last, players will be on the right track. The right and only style to be cultivated is a "vocal" tone, as the trombone is the instrument of the brass family nearest to that of the human voice.

Too often we hear the remark, "If only I had so-and-so's make of instrument, I could give a better tone." This is mere fancy. If a player had cultivated the right method, the make of instrument he uses will not matter, for he will get the same tone on any. This is only cultivated by ceaseless practice of the right kind. It is no use practising marches

and such-like. They will in no way help tone production. Practice scales in a soft, sustaining manner, starting each note very softly and gradually swelling in the middle, with a gradual drop to *pp* again, and sustain each note say a breve. Play hymn tunes in a soft and slow manner, for there is no better music than this for tone-production.

When once this is cultivated, then, and not till then, should the trombonist study execution, which on the slide is termed "execution skip." A trombone player needs a flexible lip, and a good way of securing this is the practice of octaves in stress, producing them from the throat, which is the proper way to slide on the trombone, and which many players find a great difficulty in doing. The slide should be moved in a smart and decisive manner. Provided this is done and the slurring passages rendered by the throat, no finer effect can be wished for in trombone playing.

Another fault very prevalent amongst us is the habit of playing in a staccato style. This amongst skilled trombonists is a thing unknown, and should only be permitted when the music expressly instructs the player in order to get a certain effect desired by the composer. A broad, cantabile style of playing is needed, so that the words of the music are interpreted through the instrument, thus securing a "vocal effect."

Last, but not least is the matter of optional positions. A great many players have never taken the trouble to inquire into this essential detail. Many times smooth, cantabile playing is robbed of its charm because the player has never learned these alternatives by means of which one note can be linked to another with great effect and "jerky" playing is quite avoided.



### "MY LORD, TO-DAY?"

Once I was anxious my own way to see,  
Not anxious at all who accompanied me;  
Now I'm contented if He be my Guide—  
Just to join hands with Him, walk by His side  
(Where art Thou going, my Lord, today?)

Once I was anxious my own words to say,  
Eager to set them in stirring array;  
Now I'm contented if His Voice be heard,  
Happy to listen and heed His dear word.  
(What art Thou saying, my Lord today?)

Once I was anxious my own will to choose,  
Thinking it sadness my own choice to lose;  
Now I'm contented to do His sweet will,  
Content to be active, content to be still.  
(What art Thou doing, my Lord, today?)

Once I was anxious my treasures to keep,  
Thinking it riches to heap upon heap;  
Now I'm contented, and finding it gain,  
To take the lone way—if He but remain.  
(What art Thou giving, my Lord today?)

So, be it in going, my Lord, go with me;  
Whatever I'm saying—Thy words let them be;  
Whatever I'm doing—Thy will for that day;  
Whatever I'm giving—Thy love shall repay.  
—"J"

### WHAT IS GOD LIKE?

I confess to you quite simply if you come to me and tell me Jesus will save my soul, or my body, or my family, or my career, I shall not only turn my back upon you, but I shall be definitely tempted to turn my back upon Him.

That is not the kind of Jesus you want—the kind of Jesus who says, "If you will only be a Christian you shall have nice respectable houses and be able to conduct yourselves like good little boys all your lives."

He did not come like that; He came and said, "This is how much I want you." All authority was given unto Him—Why? Not because He was clever or eloquent or wise, but because He hung, naked and impotent and heart-broken, upon the Cross; in other words, because He loved men more than He loved His soul.

Perhaps you believe in that Christ; perhaps you do not; but for Heaven's sake don't ask me why I believe in Him, for I won't answer you. All I know is that if one gets a chance of looking at His dead, disfigured face

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,

Sorrow and love flow mingled down—I can only cry, 'My Lord and my God!'

When you are becoming to reckon up your profits and your losses, I beg you to turn to the tremendous giving of the Cross, with all its agony and defeat and loss, and to remember that that is what God is like.

### Don't Keep the Good News to Yourself

*When you have finished reading the War Cry pass it over the fence to your neighbour.*

### THE OUTSIDE APPLES

A VERY casual remark which we made a few days since, that it was unfair to judge The Army by some of its followers, or The Church by some of its members, has prompted somebody to send us the following story, which we venture to pass on in the hope that it may comfort some—and rebuke others.

An American gentleman once invited a friend to visit his garden and taste his apples. He asked him about a dozen times, but the friend did not come, and at last the fruit-grower said: "I suppose you think my apples are good for nothing, so you won't come and try them."

"Well, to tell the truth," said the friend, "I have tasted them. As I went along the road, I picked one up, that fell over the wall, and I have never tasted anything so sour in my life; and I do not particularly wish any more of your fruit."

"Oh," said the owner of the garden, "I thought that must be so. Those apples round the outside are for the special benefit of the boys. I went fifty miles to select the sourest sorts to plant all round the orchard, so that the boys might give them up as not worth stealing; but, if you will come inside, you will find that we grow a very different quality there, sweet as honey."

The point of the story is so obvious that we hesitate to attempt to apply it, but perhaps we may be permitted to say that those who hover about on the brink of God's promises have little knowledge of the depths of His race; and those who dwell on the outskirts of His riches have little idea of the treasures of His Salvation.

And those who stand about the fringe of the Open-Air Meeting, the gossip on the sidewalk, instead of getting into the thick of things are—pretty sour apples.



Centenary  
Call  
Campaign



Centenary  
Call  
Campaign

### Winnipeg Citadel Happenings

Winnipeg Citadel (Adj. and Mrs. Junker)—A substantial increase was noted at the Meetings in the Citadel on Sunday, August 26th. The close of the holiday season and then the presence of Adjutant and Mrs. Tom Mundy were "prime factors" in the case.

We were not a little interested to know that Mrs. Adjutant Mundy is one of "our own make" and during the day tribute was paid to the many comrades who had helped her over many a stile and rough period.

We were gratified to hear from a visitor—Adjutant Hall, of Denver, Colorado, who, thirty-two years ago, knelt at the Citadel Penitent-Form, found pardon from his sins. "And," said the Adjutant, "a very definite work was done that night, for I have never had the desire to look back. I bless God for His wonderful saving and keeping power." A simple testimony, but a powerful challenge to those who continually use the devil's much coined phrase, "I can't keep it."

"Be ye reconciled," a motto which was prominently displayed on the front of the platform Sunday night, was appropriately applied during the course of the Adjutant Mundy's Salvation address, which was timely and arresting, and we will not readily forget the subdued singing of "He was wounded for our transgressions" by the Band, and the subsequent hush that fell over the congregation during a pause in the Adjutant's final appeal.

On Sunday last the Band "sandwiched" in a few moments at the Grace Hospital, incidentally benefitting the patients and staff.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Clarke returned to their duties on Sunday. We were glad to welcome them, but sorry to hear that the sickness of their little daughter Ruth interfered somewhat with their furlough in Chicago.—J.R.W.

### Wedding at Edmonton Citadel

Adjutant and Mrs. Huband—We were privileged to have the Grace Hospital Staff with us last Sunday. The Officers all took part in the Meetings under the leadership of Commandant L. Pettigrew. The afternoon Meeting was conducted by Captain May, assisted by Captain Stunell of D.H.Q. We were very much blessed by the Captain's message.

A good crowd attended the evening Meeting, conducted by the Commandant, assisted by Lieutenants Fudge and Mewhort. God came very near to us and many were helped and blessed. One man was very much convicted, and we are praying that he will soon return to the Fold.

We are pleased to report that Bro. Frank who had an accident and was burned while at work has fully recovered and is again with us.

We regret that we have not been able to report before, the interesting event which took place at the Edmonton Citadel on Saturday evening, August 4th, when Sister E. McCready (Guard Leader) and Brother F. Waite were united in marriage. The ceremony was conducted by Staff-Captain Merritt.

A full Band was in attendance and played several pieces during the evening. Although a request for no speeches was made, Staff-Captain Merritt expressed his desire to say a few words of thanks to the Bride and Groom for their services in the past.

After the ceremony a large crowd gathered in the lower Hall for the reception. We pray that God will abundantly bless our comrades in the future as He has done in the past.—E.O.

## "A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

### Impressive Memorial Service at Portage la Prairie Results in Mellowing Influences and Seekers

Lt.-Colonel Sims visited Portage la Prairie last week for the purpose of representing The Army at the funeral service of Mr. G. Gillam, a well-known business man of that city and a former Army Officer. The service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Moss, assisted by the Colonel who read the Scriptures and spoke. Our Comrade also conveyed an expression of sincere sympathy to the widow in her bereavement.

On the following Sunday evening the Memorial Service was conducted by Ensign Loughton in the Portage la Prairie Citadel, when there was a gracious stirring of hearts. Hon. Bandmaster Wilson spoke of his association with Brother Gillam in the early days and the Band played appropriate music. The Ensign gave a heart-gripping message on "Life's Reward."

During the Prayer-Meeting an appeal was made and in the silence following the

sobbing of a little girl was heard. She wept her way down the aisle and knelt at the Mercy-Seat. This incident served to break up the whole Meeting and tears flowed freely.

After the child had resumed her place in the audience with her mother and sister, she knelt down again and burst afresh into tears. Mrs. Ensign Loughton went to the girl and asked her why she was crying and received the reply, "Oh, I am praying for mother to come!"

The mother arose to her feet, came to the Mercy-Seat and with the sister also, found Salvation. Thus was prayer answered and the Comrades rejoiced and praised God. The Meeting closed with the Comrades reconsecrating themselves afresh to God and singing "All my days and all my hours."

A Meeting conducted by the Ensign at the Jail was attended with much blessing and power.

### Mothers at the Altar

Vernon, B.C. (Ensign and Mrs. Coleman)—We are glad to report victory at Vernon. Sunday was a real blessed day to our souls and the Holiness Meeting was a time of much blessing. In the Salvation Meeting God's Spirit was manifest in a wonderful way, from the first song right through to the finish. The Ensign spoke on the "Great Supper" and the "Great Invitation." Two seekers volunteered out to the Mercy-Seat, both of them being mothers with babies in arms, and very willing hands held the little ones while their mothers sought and found Christ as their Saviour. Two other seekers followed, a man and woman, making a total of four seekers for the day. To God be all the Glory!—E.C.A.

### Rossland's Royal Time

The Training Principal Conducts Meetings

Rossland, B.C. (Captain M. Stahl and Lieut. L. Fowler)—We had a royal time during the visit of Brigadier and Mrs. Carter last Tuesday and the public Demonstration in Indian costume caused great attraction. The Meeting was well attended, some came who had not attended a Meeting for years. They went away happy.

Our Officer, Captain Stahl, is away on furlough; we are not only "holding on," but "going forward" in his absence. Our Sergt-Major and his wife and family have just returned from their vacation and we are in for an inspiring time.

### Sherbrooke Street Band on Tour in Manitoba

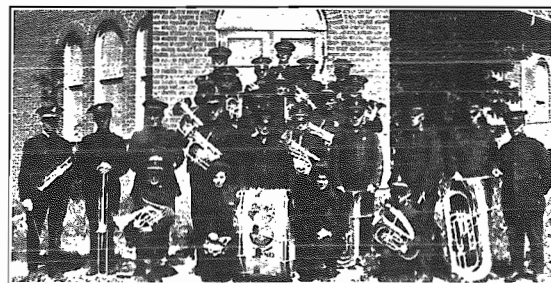
IT was a very tired and dusty group of Bandsmen who arrived home in Winnipeg on a recent Sunday. They were the Sherbrooke Street Band returning from their weekend trip to Neepawa and neighboring towns.

Leaving Winnipeg in the afternoon of the previous Saturday a speedy run over the highway and country roads brought the Band to Gladstone, where, after a hasty supper, a short programme was given. Being much pressed for time, this engagement had to be somewhat curtailed.

After an hour's run, Neepawa was

reached and here we found the Lieutenant of the Corps standing on a chair delivering the grand old message to the large crowd which had gathered. Then the comrades moved to one side and the Band swung smartly into position. We could not take space to say what happened in the next hour and a half but we will say that the crowd which had gathered remained until the last song had been sung.

Sunday was a busy day, starting with an Open-Air Meeting in the town of Clanwilliam, some twenty-five miles from Neepawa. Lunch in Minnedosa at the



The Sherbrooke Street Band, snapped at Sydney whilst on tour in Manitoba.

### Brigadier Allen Visits Victoria

(Adjutant and Mrs. Merrett)—Brigadier Allen and his daughter Kay, Regimental Guard Leader, led a weekend series of Meetings that were thoroughly enjoyed by them and us. Free-and-Easy worthy of the name; instructive addresses on the prison branch of the Men's Social Work, so dear to the Brigadier's heart; straight Salvation and Holiness talks with the Bible Readings, and anecdotes of The Army's pioneer days in Canada were among the good things. Guard-Leader Kay Allen inspected the Life-Saving Guards and Sunbathers, and her expressions of satisfaction regarding their standing and the work already accomplished, was very encouraging to the Troops and their Leaders.

On Monday night Brigadier Allen gave a lecture in three parts: Travel, Social Work, and "The end of four Army backsliders," the latter being true stories with a solemn warning. The time went all too quickly, so interesting was this lecture.

Our visitors have a standing invitation to come again. While in Victoria they were the guests of old friends, Treasurer and Mrs. Porter.

Adjutant and Mrs. Merrett are in the city again, fresh from their furlough at Rocky Point, and ready for the fray. On the last Sunday of their absence Commandant Fullerton, Captain Croghan, and Captain Roskelley led the morning and night Meetings, and Sergt-Major Martin, with other comrades, the afternoon Free-and-Easy.—A.E.T.

### Drumheller

Drumheller (Adj. Reader and Capt. Maxwell)—During the absence of our Officers, on furlough, the comrades have been conducting the Meetings.

The Band led the first week-end. Splendid interest was manifested and the Citadel was well-filled for the Salvation Meeting at night. The special singing and music was much enjoyed.

The following Sunday, Captain Langford, who was visiting her home, gave the address in both Meetings. The Captain's singing was also a special feature. Mrs. Langford.

### Fort William

Fort William (Captain and Mrs. Whitfield)—Our Corps is marching steadily along in the Name of the Lord and we are praying for a baptism of God's Holy Spirit to come upon all.

Last Sunday evening a visitor, Sister Chapman, rendered two vocal solos which were much enjoyed; the accompanist was C.C. G. Neil. Our Meetings are being well attended.—C.H.L.

homes of Army friends, was followed by a short programme in that town and then another at Minnedosa Lake where a good crowd had gathered to listen to the Band. Franklin was our next stop and a good time was spent here. A short run brought us again to Neepawa where we had a hasty supper and then to the Salvation Meeting. A splendid audience listened to the message in music and song. This Meeting was followed by an address programme in the court-house grounds which delighted a huge crowd.

An early homeward start was made on Monday morning, programme being given at Carberry, Austin, and McGregor. Approximately 20 miles were covered and we believe many hundred people were blessed by the message rendered.

We must express our indebtedness to Sister Mrs. St. John of Minnedosa who arranged for our billets and meals and to the many Army friends who have wisely seen our route.

## WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

CAPTAIN ALAN BRISTOW, with his wife comes to the factory town of Sardis to take command of the local Corps of the Salvation Army there. They find much work awaiting them. They become much interested in Will Coulter, a drunkard and a troublemaker. Shortly after their arrival in Sardis there comes to them a young woman named Helen Ormond, who is in great trouble. Her father turned her out of her home. They take her in and see her through her trouble and she afterwards comes to live in the Quarters with them. Officer O'Donnell, who is trying to locate his boy, Danny O'Donnell, who "disappeared from home some months previously," a strike is called in Sardis which ties up the town and brings great distress among the poor. In trying to meet the increased strain upon his sister, the wealthiest man of the community, who consents to furnish coal for the poor, and make the winter a little less awakening springs up in the Corps and many of the people are saved. Among those who are converted at this time is Will Coulter. Helen Ormond, gifted with the ability to rhyme, writes and sells some verses to greeting card publishers. She hears that her parents have come into need through the strike, she sends the money she has earned to them, but her father returns it to her with some bitter words. Shortly after the strike ends, and when Captain Bristow offers to free Mr. Murray from his obligation to buy coal for the poor, the rich man does not wish to be released from it. About this time Officer O'Donnell is converted and one of the meetings held in the Hall, Helen Ormond's mother comes to see her at the Quarters and they become reconciled. Not long after this Brigadier Lincoln, the Divisional Officer comes to Sardis for special meetings over the weekend. On this occasion Captain and Mrs. Bristow are promoted to be Ensigns. Mr. Murray is taken quite ill and Ensign Bristow goes one night to take care of him about his soul. To his great joy he finds Mr. Murray a very real Christian. He is telling his great joy to his wife on his return when the police come. He answers it and turns from it to tell his wife the news. "Will Coulter is drinking again," he said. "Sergeant Major Lachin and I are going to try to find him. They find Will in one of the saloons and after much anxiety and prayer, help him back into the fold."

CHAPTER XIV  
Into the Flames

THE next evening, just after they had finished the evening meal, Officer O'Donnell, dropped in at the quarters for one of his chats with the young Officers. He looked natty and trim in his new Salvation Army uniform, for he was all ready to go to the Open-Air Meeting. He took the seat in the dining-room proffered him by the Ensign. It was a chilly evening late in Autumn and it looked very cosy and homely there in the warm light of the little dining-room. It was not long till the talk of the big policeman had switched on to his favorite subject, Danny. He inquired if they had yet had any word from the advertisement which had been printed for some weeks in "The War Cry."

"Not yet," said the Ensign in reply to his query. "It certainly seems to be slow getting results this time."

"Oh, well, it may reach him yet!" returned the father. "I've been thinking about Danny more than a little lately. After I go to bed at night, and the lights are out and the room is still, I keep wondering where he may be, an 'wishin' I knew just what he might be doin'."

Helen was clearing away the dishes from the table, and little Alan, who had but lately learned to walk, was flitting about the room in a zig-zagging way, in his erratic quick movements looking not unlike a huge bright butterfly. While the big policeman had been talking he was watching the little fellow. Just then the baby did one of those sudden and unexpected little things that are so cute in a baby and it had taken the big man's attention.

"Ain't he the cute little fellow, with the funny little ways of his?" he commented, looking with hearty laughter, a warm and tender light in his blue eyes. "He minds me so of Danny, when he was that age."

## Dropped the Dishes

Helen had just picked up a stack of plates from the table, and at these words they slipped through her nervous fingers and fell to the floor and were shattered in pieces with a nerve-racking crash. She looked ghastly, she was so white and tense, and she looked so frightfully lonely. Mrs. Bristow ascribed her shaken condition to the shock from the crashing dishes, she seemed so broken up over the accident. At Mrs. Bristow said to her kindly, "Never mind, Helen, there are lots more of those come from," and turned it off with a laugh. But Helen never recovered from the effects of the shock. Soon after this the rest of them went downstairs to get ready for the Open-Air Meeting. She could hear them praying and singing before they went out on to the street.

Not very many of the Soldiers had heard of Will Coulter's latest fall by the way, and so they were not surprised to see him

## A Few that are Worthy

By Envoy C. W. Waggoner

at the Meeting that night. However, those who had been with him the night before were a bit surprised, even his brother Frank, to whom he had given a half-promise to attend. He was not in his uniform, and he sat quietly through the Meeting, taking no part in it other than as a listener.

When the invitation was given for those who wished to surrender to Christ, he quietly rose to his feet, and as quietly went down the aisle and knelt at the altar at the front. From more than one heart there rose a glad note of praise. To the

"Thank God someone found it out, and Ensign Bristow and Sergeant-Major Lachin turned out to find me! They found me and brought me here to the Quarters, and with Mrs. Bristow and my brother, prayed for me. Afterward Frank took me home. But I could not sleep. A terrible unrest possessed me, and remorse for the thing I had done gnawed at my vitals. I walked the floor nearly all night, tossed between longing and fear. Oh, how I wanted to come back to God, but my fears told me that I had gone too far, that I had slipped once too often! But



Helen lay limp in his arms.

four who had spent the night before in prayer for him it was, indeed, a glad sight to see him come thus. He was scarcely kneeling at the altar when the Sergeant-Major was at his side. Mrs. Bristow knelt on the platform and breathed a tearful apian of praise. Frank Coulter did not go to Will, because he was too broken to take the baby steps from where he was to where Will knelt at the altar, so he knelt where he was and unashamedly sobbed his thanks to God.

Will had not knelt for a great length of time when he rose to his feet again. His face was calm, but pale, and not lacking in traces left by the stormy seas through which he had passed the night before. When he rose to his feet Ensign Bristow asked him to have a word of testimony for the Lord. Will faced the audience and after a moment or two in which to get a grip on himself, he said quietly, "Nearly all of you in here know me. You know what my failing has been. Many of you have held on to me, and helped me with your prayers. You will probably never know how much I thank you for this. Last night I fell again. I have no excuse to make, I cannot tell you why. I only know I went down before the temptation,

finally I threw myself before God and pleaded for mercy. And He heard me. Just at dawn this morning He came to me with the peace for which I had so longed. Bless His name forever! So He saved me just as the day was breaking, but I came to the altar this evening for I wanted to make open acknowledgement of my wrong. I wanted to seek Him publicly. God knows my sin had been public enough. I am not going to tell you now how I am going to do. I have told you that in the past. Now I am going to let my life speak for me."

When he testified to the peace and rest that had come to him with the dawn the hearts of the four, who had that night kept a love watch for him, leaped with joy. Each remembered that it had been just at dawn that they had ceased to pray for the sheep that had wandered away from God. There were glad tears in many eyes when Will sat down again after having given his testimony.

And from that night they noticed a difference in him. It was not so much in anything that could be named or placed, but there was an intangible difference that made itself felt among them. He was just a little more grave than he had

been, and there seemed to dwell in him a spirit of desperate earnestness. Perhaps this could be explained by something he said to Frank one night as they went home from Meeting together. "I somehow feel that I am on probation for the last time," he said earnestly. "That night after I felt the last time I came to me that I saw Hell open and yawning before me, and I think I suffered something of the torments of the damned. I don't think I ever realized so clearly before the wonderful patience of God, but at the same time I was made to feel as never before that there had been no end to the patience of God. And when He forgave me and saved me an inner voice seemed to tell me that it was the last time, that if I ever yielded and went away from Him again it would be final. And I have had that feeling in my heart ever since." Certain it is that he was more careful than he had ever been before. He gave Bob Taylor and all the rest of his companions of the days of his sinning a wide berth.

December was ushered in with flurries of snow and a distinct feeling of cold in the air. Early in the month the Salvationists began to make preparations for the Christmas dinners for the poor. This had been omitted on the previous year on account of the heavy drain on their resources brought about by the great strike in Sardis. Now the kettles were resurrected and given a fresh coat of paint, red on the outside and white inside, preparatory to their appearance on the street.

It was at this time that an event happened that had a great bearing on more than one life in the Corps at Sardis. Helen Ormond had developed a route for the sale of "The War Cry", and strangely enough most of the territory for her sales lay in the district called London Bridge. The people there could never forget the kindness of The Salvation Army to them in their need during the latter months of the strike, and now many of them bought "The War Cry" to keep in touch with The Army.

Helen was returning from there one evening. It was a little later than when she usually finished her route, and the early winter darkness had fallen. It was almost time for the mills to discharge their crowds of tired workers. As she hurried along suddenly she heard the clanging of bells and the shrill sounding of a siren, and a fire department truck clattered noisily past her. It turned into the next cross street, and when Helen arrived there she saw people running from every direction. She could see the red glow of the fire not far away, and she, too, turned into the street leading to it with the rest of the rushing crowd. She soon saw that the building, a ramshackle two-story wooden dwelling house, was doomed. The fire had evidently started in the upper story, and already long, red tongues of flame were shooting upward through the roof. Helen went as near as she could conveniently get and watched the progress of the flames that crackled fiercely, sure of their prey.

Then there came a startling diversion. A disheveled and frenzied woman came rushing wildly on the scene. She was shrieking wildly. At first her cries were inarticulate to Helen, but as she came nearer, and a glimpse of her face of horror became conscious of the words the woman was shrieking.

"O my God!" frantically screamed the frenzied woman. "My baby! My baby is in the house asleep! O my God! My baby! My baby!"

## A Wild Commotion

She wildly tried to dash into the burning building, but a fireman caught her and strove to hold her, but in her frenzy her strength was doubled, and if a comrade had not come to his assistance she would have broken away from his restraining grasp. In the stir of excitement this created nothing else was noticed. As the dreadful import of the frantic woman's screamed words dawned on the people's consciousness it created a wild commotion.

As for Helen, the realization that there was a baby asleep in the doomed house filled her with a numbing horror. She thought of her own little Alan safe at home. Suppose it were he who was there in the midst of that fiery hell. And almost without taking thought she acted. The struggling, screaming mother in the grasp of the fireman diverted attention from her, and she was almost to the house

(Continued on page 12)

## THE CENTENARY CALL CAMPAIGN

"Snatch them in pity from sin and despair."

### "Where there's a Will, there's a Way"

Have we not all resolved more than once—especially when confronted with the needs and suffering of the unfortunate in our midst—that we would definitely set aside a portion of our money to be devoted to the alleviation of their distress?

How better can we carry out the Master's injunction:

"LAY UP TREASURE IN HEAVEN" than by making a Will and naming The Salvation Army as a Legatee, gaining thereby the satisfaction of knowing that we have done all in our power to perpetuate The Army's great work—a work which God has so signally honored and blessed in the past.

Any information or advice will be gladly furnished on application to—

Commissioner C. T. Rich,  
317-319 Carlton Street,  
Winnipeg, Man.

#### FORM OF BEQUEST.

"I GIVE, DEVISE and BEQUEATH unto The Governing Council of The Salvation Army—Canada West, the sum of \$.....

.....(for my property known as No. .... in the City

or Town or ..... ) to be used and applied by them at their discretion for the general purposes of The Salvation Army."

(It is desired that the money be used for a particular branch of work it should be so stated.)

### Hem up your prayers with praise

By Commissioner Booth-Tucker

Someone has said, "Unless you hem up your prayers with praise they will soon fray out."

Tune: "He pardoned a rebel like me." Ye saints who despond and give way to despair,

Who cannot with courage take hold. Just hem up with praises the edge of each prayer.

They'll never fray out, or get old!

Chorus: Just hem up with praises your prayer! Just hem up with praises your prayer!

Your prayers will fray out, And will give way to doubt,

Unless they are hemmed up with praise!

When Satan hurls at you his fiery darts, And trials are hardest to bear,

Just drop on your knees, and although your wound smart,

Just hem up with praises each prayer!

When Satan appears as an angel of light, And bids you seek comfort and ease,

Just gird on your armour and rush to the fight,

And win the great war on your knees!

### We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, friend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry"

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

1801—Samuel Gibson. Age 40, tall, fair hair and complexion. Miner, missing from Drumheller, 2189—Mrs. Lillian Turner. Formerly of Montreal. Last heard of in Vancouver about 1907. Son missing.

2190—Roy Harrington. Age about 60, fair complexion, grows a mustache and is bald, height 6 ft. 3 in. Generally works as foreman in lumber camps. Last heard of at Prince George in 1921. 2191—James and Peter Laird Leggett. Left home February 29th, 1928, were then in Montreal but failed to come home. James, age 16, Peter 15, James 70 yrs. P. Peter 5 ft. 10 ins., James dark hair, Peter Auburn. James has flattened upper part of nose, Peter has scar on head with cut. They may be going by name of James Laird and David Laird. Mother is anxious that the boys know of it will be all right for them to return home; or if working, write and give their address.

2195—Rasmus Peter Hansen. Danish, age 25, dark hair and face at Winnipeg, tall, blonde hair and blue eyes. 2196—George Dixon. Height 5 ft. 10 ins., fair hair and eyes, last heard of in Winnipeg. 2174—William John Boone. Lived at Badger Lake four years ago. Medium height, well built, dark eyes, straight, wears glasses. Mother anxiously enquires.

## Salvation Songs and Solos

### A Song for Young People

By Lt.-Colonel Ed. H. Joy

Tune: Work for the night is coming.

Here stretching wide before me,  
In this my youthful day,  
Gay with a bright adorning,  
Seems an easy way.  
Voices enticing greet me,  
Of this a life so free,  
Prospects alluring meet me—  
Is it best for me?

REFRAIN:

Tell me, and tell me plainly,  
Which is the best for me;  
Best for my earthly journey—  
Best for eternity.

Seeking for earthly treasure,  
Seeking—to find in vain;  
Thirsting for worldly pleasure,  
But to thirst again,  
Empty the world's delusion.

'Tis but a tinselled store;  
Haunting is sin's confusion,  
Loss for evermore.

As I am gazing forward,  
Into the years ahead,  
Stretcheth another pathway  
For my feet to tread,  
Seems it so drear and lonely,  
Seems it so strait and plain,  
Marked with a blood-stained footstep,  
Is it loss or gain?

Safe is the path of duty,  
Even though temptations roar;  
Here is the way of beauty,  
Peace for evermore.  
Road to a strong, sure holding,  
Firm midst the earthquake shock,  
Place of a safe abiding,  
Grounded in the Rock.



There's a welcome for every man, woman, and child at The Salvation Army Hall. Why not "drop in" next Sunday to the Meetings.

### A Few That Are Worthy

(Continued from page 11)

before she was seen, a running blue-clad figure.

"Come back!" shouted someone who saw her. "It is death to go in there!"

It is doubtful if she heard, and if she did she paid no attention to the shouted words, for the next moment her speeding form had disappeared through the doorway out of which poured puffing clouds of dense, white smoke, occasionally lighted to a bronze and lurid gleam by the flames that raged above.

Helen's father, on his way home from the mill where he worked, had also turned aside to see the fire. He arrived on the scene just then, and noting that something exciting in addition to the fire had taken place, asked what had happened. He was told by excited voices of the woman who had arrived shrieking that her baby was in the burning building, and of her frustrated attempt to enter the doomed house. "And now there's a Salvation Army girl in there!" cried one of his informants excitedly. "In the excitement over the other woman she got past the firemen and ran into the burning house!"

At these words a great, sickening fear took hold of Mr. Ormond. A Salvation Army girl! To him there was just one Salvation Army girl and that was Helen. The thought of her in that doomed building shook him to the very foundations of his being. Mrs. Ormond had been right when she had told Helen that it had been his great love for her which had caused him to be wounded so deeply. From the first his pride had been waging battle against the insistence of that love. Now

the thought that Helen was in that seething furnace swept everything else before it. With one bound love gained the ascendancy and triumphed forever over his pride. And thus it happened that in the excitement of the moment the second person got past the guarding line of firemen and dashed into the burning house. Inside, the place was filled with blinding and choking smoke. Near the front of the building the flames were just commencing to kindle on the first floor, but they were leering and crackling gleefully, like the laughter of fools, sure of their prey. Holding his breath, and blindly staggering through the reeking smoke he went on.

He found her just inside the second doorway he tried to pass through. She lay in a huddled heap on the floor and he tripped over her. Stooping he quickly picked her up and turned back, the leaping flames luridly lighting the way for him. He reeled through the doorway into the outer air, his straining lungs sucking in the smoke-filled air. Helen lay limply in his arms, and his mind bridged the gulf back to those happy days of old. Again she was his little girl asleep, and he was carrying her upstairs to her bed.

Eager hands reached out to help him as he staggered with his burden to a place of safety. He laid Helen's inert form on the frozen ground, and knelt beside her. He could find no trace of breathing in her, and a great fear smote him. She must be dead!

"Helen!" he pleaded brokenly, "Little Nellie, hear me! It's daddy, just open your eyes long enough to say you forgive me! Speak to me, Nellie!"

(To be continued)

### COMING EVENTS

Alberta Chariot (Captain) 7, Dabbury; Sat. Sept. 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Oct. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Nov. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Dec. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Mar. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Apr. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, May 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 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